

Clay Clement



in

Sam Houston

am.
to the

Frank Bas & Esq.

"Coahuatla"

"San Antonio"
per Clay Cement

1906 — SEASON — 1907

Sam Houston

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS BY CLAY CLEMENT,
IN COLLABORATION WITH JOHN McGOVERN & JESSE EDSON.

The Production

Produced under the direction of Ernest C. Warde.

Scenery constructed by Wm. H. Bairstow, Master Mechanic of the
Auditorium, Chicago.

Scenery painted by H. J. Martin and Assistants
of London and New York.

Properties by W. H. Brown of Chicago.

Wardrobe by Mme. Verner of Paris, and Marshall Field & Co. of Chicago.

Wigs by Hepner & Co. of New York and Chicago.

The Company

MR. CLAY CLEMENT IN THE TITLE ROLE,
SUPPORTED BY A CAREFULLY ORGANIZED COMPANY
OF MORE THAN FIFTY ARTISTS.



CHAS. H. GREENE, *Manager,*
Care Klazw & Erlanger, Amsterdam Theatre, New York City.

CLAY CLEMENT



By John McGovern

The Life of Sam Houston

ON the second of March, 1793, near Timber Ridge Church, in Rock-bridge County, Va., there came into the world one of its principal characters, whose sorrows and successes, whose courage and mercy, whose eloquence and magnetism, whose genius for leadership united with a pure and exalted patriotism will, I believe, be the themes of admiring poets and historians for many centuries. While the infant Sam Houston purred on his leonine mother's lap, the bloody Robespierre, in the Reign of Terror, at Paris, was entering the following in his little memorandum book (now on view in the Archives Museum at Paris): "The tax on tobacco destroys our commercial relations with America"—and was also making some abhorrent entries, such as (at page 7): "Organize the Revolutionary Tribunal. Imprison and punish the hypocritical counter-revolutionists."

Robespierre and Houston—both far-famed revolutionists, both vivid subjects for the dramatists of every Aryan tongue, yet each as different from the other as light from darkness. Robespierre, inhuman, small, delicate, resentful, fanatical—acquiring the worst of immortalities; Houston, human, heroic in mold, self-forgetful, greatest of all the citizens or people he ever lived among—a conquerer who, of all his fellow-patriots, was the only magnanimous captor of the vanquished—Houston, now a glorious shade, the patron saint of commonwealths deep-sworn in freedom and equality.

The merest epitome of General Houston's life offers to the biographer one of the most astonishing of summaries. When he was a mere boy, his widowed mother, at the door of her unprotected cabin, placed a weapon in his hands and admonished him that her roof could shelter only the brave. Let us watch that well-born boy, wounded in battle against the Creeks, under the very eye of Andrew Jackson; elected and re-elected to Congress; elected Governor of Tennessee and wedded to one of the most beautiful of women; chosen by Andrew Jackson to succeed him in the Presidency of the United States; suddenly resigning his high office at

Nashville, for reasons which, while they were known to be of a matrimonial nature, always remained a mystery as to details; self-exiled from the United States and living with his old friends, the Cherokee Indians; coming to the aid of the Texans, leading them as generalissimo at San Jacinto, receiving further wounds, and freeing Texas; twice elected President of the new Republic; bringing about the annexation of Texas; serving for twelve years as United States Senator at Washington; enlarging the United States by 800,000 square miles of territory, an area equal to that of the original thirteen colonies; Governor of Texas at the outbreak of the Civil War, and laying down, for the sake of principle, the chief executive office of a second commonwealth—such is the bird's-eye view. Where, in the chronicles of adventure and leadership, can it be equaled, save by a few men who with sordid souls were faithless to the trust reposed in them, and betrayed their country?

He was, first and last, a man of the people, and during all his life, in all his exalted offices, deigned to call himself simply Sam Houston. He was so great that his biography has been written by detractors as well as by panegyrists, and his career spreads across the most splendid page of the records of the wide Southwest.

Sam Houston would not go to school. He had older brother-enemies, but this founder of an empire did not suffer himself to be sacrificed on the walls, after the fashion running from the time of Charlemagne, Attila, Remus, back to the Asian cities and to Cain and Abel. He ran away, and lived with the Cherokees—was adopted as a son of the Chief Oolooteka. In this way he formed that life-long friendship for the red men which redounded so truly to his credit, and to the honor of American statesmanship.

He was a most attractive man; hence he gained the hand of a belle of high degree. But social ambition was not one of his characteristics, and aristocracy could not wean him from the hearts and handgrasps of the humble. The fact that Sam Houston was no respecter of persons—that, as Governor of Tennessee, he warmly welcomed all alike to the executive chamber of the State, undoubtedly involved him in the great catastrophe of his life—something akin in tragic tone to the rigid ostracism of the Grecian cities. He abruptly parted from his aristocratic and irresponsible spouse, resigned the Governorship of Tennessee, shook the dust of the astonished city and state from his feet, and sought peace and justice beyond

the borders of our nation, among the dusky friends of his childhood. For years this Timon of Athens was by the world forgot, and if he remembered a past so cruel to him, no word escaped him.

For about half a century the southwestern outposts of white migration had been pushing forward. The banner of insurrection against Spain was meanwhile lifted by Santa Anna, and North America became the home of two republics. A company of the noblest, bravest and most intellectual men to be found in the anthology of any region at any epoch colonized in Texas at the invitation of Santa Anna, and forthwith proceeded to form the State of Texas in the new Republic of Mexico. Had the Dictator of Mexico kept faith and ratified this reasonable proceeding, it is at least probable that the history of the Western World today would be a relation of events differing in a startling degree from the facts as we know them. Santa Anna repudiated the Constitution of Texas, and Sam Houston, in his wigwam, hearing the call of his kind, emerged into civilization. He still was eloquent, magnetic, courageous, resourceful, commanding, and there gathered about him the liberators of Texas, the friends of his famous days, the fathers of the Lone Star, the heroes whose exploits are sung so gratefully in Texas that one of her daughters lives unmarried, lest by taking another name she dim the luster that descends to her from her ancestor.

About six years have elapsed with Sam Houston in the wilderness, a period of almost impenetrable obscurity in the history of the great man. But now the memorable year of 1836 has arrived. The fathers are in council at Old Washington on the Brazos. The Rights of Man are being formulated and the triumph of popular education is being guaranteed in the humble state house of a future empire. Their Moses, their Solon, their Cromwell is Sam Houston. He seals their Magna Charta with a button from his uniform and thereupon the Lone Star rises upon the horizon of history and rides upon the flag of freedom.

Santa Anna, with a vast force, is marching upon them. The slaughter of the Alamo and Goliad frenzy the law-makers and hasten their enduring work. The law-giver again becomes a soldier, the generalissimo, and with a little band of ununiformed, but unconquerable patriots, begins his toilsome marches and counter marches. Pictures hang on our walls of Houston, at this terrible period, sitting in a shanty at night, feeding a little fire with oak splinters, to get light by which to write his dispatches. At last, outmaneuvering his foe, he cuts his bridges behind him and charges upon an

army of Mexican regular soldiers nearly three times as large as his own. There follow twenty splendid minutes on the dial of the clock of liberty, and when the hour strikes out its news upon the world, Texas is forever free, and Sam Houston is nobly immortal.

These twenty minutes of actual battle at San Jacinto are worthy of our further consideration. There were seven hundred Texans, confronted by two armies of Mexicans, numbering eighteen hundred in all. General Houston put his men in battle array, and waited for the coming of Deaf Smith. At nine o'clock Deaf Smith, on a horse covered with mire and foam, and swinging an ax over his head, rode down the line. "Remember the Alamo!" cried Houston. "I have cut down Vince's Bridge," shouted Deaf Smith, "now fight for your lives!" "Charge!" ordered Houston, and the Texan line advanced within sixty paces of the enemy before a shot was fired. In the actual clash that followed, six Texans were killed and twenty-five were wounded, including Sam Houston. Seven hundred Mexicans were slain, seven hundred were taken prisoner, and among the captives were Santa Anna and Almonte. In the carnage of that day the Alamo and Goliad were avenged. The battle-enraged heroes slapped Houston fondly on his shattered ankle: "Do you like our work today, General?" they said grimly, and in their minds they prepared a dreadful death for the blood-stained Dictator who had run up the black flag on the Cathedral of San Antone. Santa Anna had piled the corpses of their fathers, sons, brothers, women and children high at the Alamo, and had burned them as calmly as the pioneers of their days cleared the forest primeval. Now, with almost aboriginal delight all Texas gloated over its captive, who like all other vanquished Mexicans was wailing: "Me no Alamo!" "Me no Goliad!"

But Houston had read of the incorruptible Robespierre, and had shuddered at his awful memory. Profound in statesmanship, in knowledge of human nature, and in war, Sam Houston now defiantly confronted Texas and even angry Justice. While he was in hospital the fallen Dictator was dragged from prison to prison. But though his captors might load him with chains and keep him in hourly terror of death, the shadow of the absent Sam Houston protected the Mexican butcher. So that when the hero of San Jacinto came back somewhat mended of his wounds, the little man ran forward, threw his arms about big Houston's neck, and sobbed upon his breast. "There, there, there!"

CLAY CLEMENT AS "SAM HOUSTON" IN 1854.

Missing Picture

said Houston, while Texas submitted in rage, and then, rising in noble gratitude, elected Sam Houston President of the Republic. Nor was it easy, even after the Chief was President, to restrain the savage impulses of his people. Santa Anna owed his life entirely to Sam Houston's patient and continual vigilance and magnanimity. "Let those," said Andrew Jackson, looking on, "who clamor for blood, clamor on. The world will take care of Houston's fame." The hero's mercy to Santa Anna led the Spanish priests to gratefully order their uncaptured Generals and forces south of the Rio Grande.

Now we behold Sam Houston with little children flocking to his knee, and playing their pranks about the Chair of State. And amidst the harrassing cares of a debt-ridden commonwealth, with a wounded shoulder that never healed, where the Creek arrow ever stung, the merry or good-natured jest was frequent on his lips.

At last, also came peace—domestic bliss. With Margaret Moffette Lea, a poetess, a fond and faithful wife, the mother of eight children, the hero lived in loving harmony for twenty-three years, or until death parted them. His response to her every wish, his accession to her Church, his daily letters to her when at a distance, offer a chapter of good morals and marital fidelity which founders of empires have rarely written in the annals of time.

But still another deed of vast significance remained before Sam Houston's world's-account had reached its greatest figure. The Republic of Texas was to unite with the Republic of the United States, and this signified another war, and the addition to American soil of almost unknown regions reaching to the Great South Sea. Led by Sam Houston's Lone Star, other stately stars, star after star, flamed out anew in the blue field of our country's banner, and Sam Houston entered among the fathers in the United States Senate at Washington as Clay, Webster and Calhoun were hot in their final debates on the perpetuity of the Union, and the rights of sovereign commonwealths. There sat he for twelve years, the same unaffected, sensible and kindly man, whittling upon a stick to ease the monotony of weeks of idle oratory. The envious, at worst, because he whittled, could only say that Sam Houston was half barbarian. But Sam Houston's great Southwest was half barbarian. He was a magnificent specimen of semi barbarism, if such must be, for the struggle of survival was still on; a man was still a man for a' that; and the days of lutes and

soft recorders had not come. Dinners on horseback and banquets of monkeys to monkeys were not then conceivable in America.

Twelve years a Senator, with the red spectre of disunion disturbing the hero's peace. We may read his speeches with a keen satisfaction that at least one of the modern world's men of action was eloquent. He vainly tried to stem the tide of civil war, and left the nation's Capitol in patriotic gloom.

Yet his career was to still further excite the wonder and approval of mankind. His people again exalted their chief one to their highest office—the Governorship of Texas. Once more, as in Santa Anna's time, they differed from his principles, but they loved him all the more. He stood firm for the Union he had sworn to uphold at Washington, and if that Union should break of its own accord, he logically believed the Republic of Texas, whose independence was its own possession, should resume that sovereignty it had partly laid down.

The drama of the great Sam Houston is at our doors, and is modestly offered for entertainment, without disturbance of either history or patriotic legend. To my mind it is a noble picture that the eminent actor, Mr. Clement, presents, of the venerable hero, sitting at the Capitol in Austin, wrapt in his Navajo shawl, his cane in hand, solemnly awaiting his destiny, and hearing the ominous tread of the State's magistrates and fathers. They enter. They speak in tears. He listens. The fratricidal war has come. He tells the Senators, "his children," that Sam Houston's heart is broken. He passes his trembling fingers through his white hairs, he controls his emotions, he rises, and then, they meanwhile standing bowed, most sturdily the grand and right old man departs from history.

He died at Huntsville, Texas, July 26, 1863, at the age of seventy. "Taken all in all," says Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, "General Houston was one of the most remarkable men who has ever figured in American history."

By Jesse Edson

THE nation has reached those degrees of age, of grandeur, and of patriotism that must lead to the development of its own drama. Our people will no longer look to other lands exclusively for their histrionic stories of heroes and commanders.

The inevitable coming of such a school of national drama has been the idea upon which the authors of "Sam Houston" proceeded. The production was not made in imitation of any other work known to us, nor with a view to merely harvest some already-discovered opportunity.

Among the warriors and patriots who glorify the pages of American history, Washington of course stands in stately solitude, having no peers. But next to him, in diversity of great deeds and in dignity of personal presence, we may without prodigious error place General Houston, to whom a grateful nation stands ready to do ample justice. Few other celebrated Americans were alike sensible to wit, or moved with humor, or touched by pathos. He was indeed a noble and original character.

General Sam Houston was chosen for a subject because he was a true hero, and, without reckless adventure or fictitious chivalry, his life ran parallel with heart-stirring romance. In a word, the career of Sam Houston was dramatic, and well fits the purpose of the stage.

I feel I do not over-state in saying that Mr. Clement, by good right, steps with a well-chosen and original play across the threshold of a national type of drama in the new world.

By Opie Read

I WAS reared in the community where Houston first arose into public view; have talked to old men who were his intimates; feel that I know his character—one of the most striking individuals in American history—and I am convinced that Clement's portrayal of this great individuality will be masterly. Indeed, he is the only man on the stage today who can faithfully reproduce Sam Houston.

CHICAGO, June 30, 1906.

CLAY CLEMENT AS "SAM HOUSTON" IN 1861.



By George H. Goodale

CLAY CLEMENT is an actor of tried and quite exceptional talents. To great natural ability he adds the graces growing out of long and arduous practice of the art of which he is so representative an exponent and exemplar. In physical endowment nature has been kind to him. He is a commanding figure in tragedy, a fascinating personality in comedy, a unique force in melodrama (as all that have seen his Mathias must recall), and the incarnation of "temperament," which is and must always be the distinguishing mark of the actor who really succeeds in impressing himself and his work on the public mind. Clay Clement plays Hamlet in the spirit of the scholar and poet, and in the manner of the royal prince—with curious refinement and noble distinction of manner, to say nothing of his beautiful delivery of that incomparable text and the mournful charm of bearing that one involuntarily associates with great impersonations of that strangest and saddest and most tragic of human conceptions. In comedy, the feathery Clement touch is proverbial. There has not been done anything neater, anything more buoyant, anything more humanly sympathetic, anything so irresistibly laughable, in recent years, as the Clay Clement Hohenstauffen. He has the gait of an actor, the figure of an actor, as the old ideals demanded, the quality and volume of voice that great acting must have; knowledge of theatrical effects and the best way of producing them; and he is a man of inflexible purpose; of self-respect to the point of self-sacrifice when considering his art, well defined ideals and tireless ambition to scale the heights of histrionic renown.

NEW YORK CITY, May 20, 1906.

By Col. Robert G. Ingersoll

My Dear Mr. Clement:

WE were all delighted with your Hohenstauffen. I never saw a more refined character on the stage. The Hohenstauffen of your creation has the culture of the university, the high breeding of the court, the courage of the army and the courtesy and tenderness of the perfect gentleman. Everything you did, every gesture, every pose came from within, from a clear, subtle and strong conception of the character. In no instance did you overstep the modesty of nature. From first to last you were absolutely consistent, neither too much nor too little, neither flood nor drouht, but maintained for every moment artistic proportion. You are a natural actor and have the divine spark, the touch of nature, the poetic and pathetic intuition that cannot be acquired. I congratulate you. You stand on the threshold of a great career.

Yours always,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

220 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY.

By Charles Eugene Banks

IT is an axiom that no stream can rise higher than its source. Neither can a man give more than is in him. If a man be not great in himself, no amount of effort can make him so. A world of things are required to make a great actor. Two things are essential—intellect and genius. Lack either, lack all. Genius without intellect is “sound and fury, signifying nothing.” Intellect without genius is a finely constructed engine minus heat. Separated, they accomplish nothing, together they are irresistible.

Clay Clement is the finest type of the great actor. Superb in intellect and powerful in emotion, in the whirlwind of passion or in “sweet gentleness” he is equally effective.

Mr. Clement possesses that rare faculty of reproducing in the minds of his auditors the subtle workings in his own brain. I remember a remarkable illustration of this power. It was just after sundown. Mr. Clement, Mr. George Cram Cook, the author, and myself were on a lawn before Mr. Cook's cabin in Buffalo, Iowa, on the banks of the Mississippi. There, with no stage but the green sward, no properties, a background of the sunset sky, leaning carelessly upon a huge well-sweep, he began to recite the play of Hamlet. Almost instantly we were transported across leagues of land and sea. The cabin became the castle of Elsinore, and the distracted prince, pacing the battlements or moving with deliberate steps through the historic castle, questioned the spirit of philosophy of the mystery of life. For nearly two hours he held us entranced with his magic reading of those wonderful lines. Shakespeare may have sometime had a more illuminated interpretation of his sublime tragedy, but I cannot conceive of it. It was the only time I have ever seen Hamlet acted, and yet the actor during the entire reading had not moved from his position by the old well. If he raised or lowered his voice I did not know it. If he made a gesture I do not remember it. Yet I saw the whole tragedy, not as a creation of the playwright, but as a reality. Mr. Cook has since told me that the scene impressed him in the same way.

To have missed seeing Mr. Clement's Baron Hohenstauffen in his own charming play, “The New Dominion,” is to have missed, I think,

the most delightful creation of the American stage. No other character I call to mind is quite so complete, so fully rounded, so altogether human. To the humble home of the bankrupt Virginia planter the student baron brings the aristocracy of noble blood made gentle by a love of nature. Had Mr. Clement done nothing but to create this one character for the stage he would have made us all his debtors for life. It is as perfect as a lyric poem, and a thousand times more human.

But Mr. Clement is not a one-character actor. He is a big, strong, ambitious man, urged forward by the desire for creation of great roles. Never satisfied to leave one character until it is as well uttered as it is possible for him to utter it, he turns then to something new. And that something must be a step in advance of what he lays aside. I have known great artists, of pen and brush, of song and of story, of chisel and of buckskin, but never one of them so sensitive to real beauty as this big, roaring, comrade of the club, or the lonely mountain; a veritable Indian on the trail, and a trained nurse in the sick room. He aspires to the sublime, but it is the sublimity of human suffering, the sacrifice of the Garden of Gethsemane that shines before his eyes. Had he been born in the days of Chivalry he would have been a knight in armor seeking the Holy Sepulchre. Is it not the same today as then? Are not all true knights seeking ever and always the spot from which arises, in simple garments, the soul of beauty to lead onward into even greater beauty? That seems to be the expression of art.

Clay Clement is a very great artist. His production of "The Bells" was perfection in every appointment, from the solid doors in solid casings, and the real golden coins, to the felt-soled shoes of the stage hands. His portrayal of Mathias was an insight into the soul of a kindly, generous man, overly tempted, and suffering the agony that followed the taking of another man's life. Mr. Clement played his own creation of "A Southern Gentleman" with such nice discernment, such gentle courtesy, and withal such a happy portrayal of the foibles of the old plantation owner, as to make him loved everywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line. He had his schooling in Shakespeare under the great Bandmann, who had "moments of such genius as no other actor ever discovered." Mr. Clement holds the old German master in great reverence. Out of this hard school he was graduated to star in Shakespearian characters. He was wont to say of this experience that Baron Hohenstauffen made usually enough money in one

A REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF HUDDLE'S ORIGINAL PAINTING
OF THE SURRENDER OF SANTA ANNA. NOW HANGING IN
THE STATE CAPITOL AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.



season to keep Hamlet going another. Shakespeare has been a costly companion to many an aspiring actor, but Mr. Clement went with him quite around the world.

The triumphs of Clay Clement have been those of art. What he made in one play he put into the artistic production of another. He retired for a time from the stage. Now he has returned with "Sam Houston." He is offering another great character to the stage—and it will be as immortal there as it is in the history of America. Big it is, big as the world—a man of genius guided by great intelligence portraying the same type of man—Clay Clement is Sam Houston.

CHICAGO, June 28, 1906.

By Clay Clement

FOR my own part, I believe this play will give satisfaction. Sam Houston! No figure in American history, or any record of noble human deeds that I have studied, stands out in finer relief, in more enthralling isolation, is made conspicuous by a more radiant halo of romance.

No struggle for indepenence is more inspiring and ennobling than is that of the heroes of the great Southwest.

No battle, ever waged by man against man, has surpassed in heroism the one made by frontiersmen of Texas on the plain of San Jacinto, where Sam Houston, with seven hundred Anglo Saxon cavaliers, fired with the spirit of freedom and thrilled by memories of their wrongs, left an equal number of their foe lying dead upon the field, captured an equal number, together with the president of the Republic of Mexico, and, in achieving, this marvelous victory, consumed but eighteen minutes of splendid time.

They wrested Liberty for their country from a tyrant race with one lightning stroke.

NEW YORK, June 30, 1906.



PHOTOS BY COOVER
CHICAGO